

THE WIDE-AWAKE CIRCLE

Boys' and Girls' Department

Rules for Young Writers.
1. Write plainly on one side of the paper only, and number the pages.
2. Use pen and ink, not pencil.
3. Short and pointed articles will be given preference. Do not use over 250 words.
4. Original stories or letters only will be used.
5. Write your name, age and address plainly at the bottom of the story.

POETRY.

THE SPICE-BOX.

The spice-box is a nice box;
I like to open each fragrant whiff.
Since snuffing is no sin!
I like to play I'm far away
In halcyon islands sweet
And spicy breezes that woo the breeze
With spice roots at my feet.
This cinnamon once grew upon
A tree in India's sunny clime,
In the bark how nicely marked
They striped and rolled it out—
These fragrant buds in Java's groves
As flower buds they grow.
Now plucked and dried, o'er oceans
Aided, and dried, o'er oceans
They come, my dear, to you.

Oh, ginger root, you're not forgot!
I think you're from Jamaica;
In dusty brown you come to town
As sober as a Quaker.
Root of a seed you were indeed,
Though powder now we view
You love to bite, yet not in spite;
Oh, no, in friendship true.
Cassia and mace must find their
Place;
Mace is the nutmeg's sheath.
And nutmegs grow on trees, you
know.
The tropic skies beneath
Sweet allspice next I find per-
fumed—
Its real name is pimento;
To use each pungent spice
With aromatic scent, oh!
Then let me learn and wisely turn
To use each pungent spice.
This very pimento I'll begin it—
Make, mother, something nice.
—Celia Cook in Youth's Companion.

THE WORDS OF THE SUN.

What does the bright round sun seem
to say,
As it rises at the dawn of day?
"Wake up, little children, 'tis time
for school."
To do your very best, make it a rule.
What does the red sun seem to say
As it sinks at the close of day?
"If today you were tied by failure's
chain,
Remember, tomorrow, try, try, again."
—Freda Baker.

UNCLE JED'S TALK TO WIDE-AWAKES.

Years ago boys and girls were told
"they should be seen, not heard!" an
intimation that they looked better
with their mouth shut and their eyes
glittering with interest than they did
trying to talk about something of
which they knew nothing, as many
grown up people do.
No one can tell how many hundred
years ago it was discovered that
"speech is silver and silence golden."
In silence there is usually safety; and
in careless talk great peril.
I will tell you a positive truth: The
tongue has wounded more people on
earth than all the armies that have
ever been formed, and has been the
cause of every kind of crime.
As long ago as the days of Solomon
it was said by the wise that "Who
keeps his mouth and tongue, keeps his
soul from trouble."
You remember the parrot that played
with the cat and had his fathers
torn out, said "he talked too much,"
and "he trusted too much, too," or the
cat would not have torn out his pretty
plumage and left him a sight to be-
hold.
A preacher in the days of David
said to the people: "Rehearse not un-
to another that which is told unto
thee, and thou shalt fare never the
worse!" And this same speaker
warned the people to be "as one that
knoweth, yet holdeth his tongue."
All these things have been said be-
cause Time has established the fact
that "a great talker is a great liar!"
Also, that "a man of silence is a man
of sense!"
The following is worth memorizing,
because it will help you to be care-
ful:
"If wisdom's ways you wisely seek,
Five things observe with care:
Of whom you speak, to whom you
speak,
And how, and when and where!"

THE WINNERS OF PRIZE BOOKS.

- 1—Emma Friesel of Baltic—Mary Jane Her Book.
- 2—Patricia Reilly of Norwich—Wits' End.
- 3—Loris Dugas of Versailles—Talbot's Andie.
- 4—Harold Melli of Lisbon—Harry Watson's High School Days.
- 5—Irene Evans of Plainfield—Semi-inary Girls in the Mountains.
- 6—Cyril Wright of Bridgeport—

COULD NOT STOP THE HEADACHES

Until She Tried "Fruit-a-lives"
(or Fruit Liver Tablets)

112 CONSUM ST., ST. JOHN.
"I feel I must tell you of the great
benefit I have received from your
wonderful medicine, 'Fruit-a-lives'.
I have been a sufferer for many
years from Violent Headaches, and
could get no permanent relief.
A friend advised me to take 'Fruit-
a-lives' and I did so with great
success; and now I am entirely free
of Headaches, thanks to your
splendid medicine."
MRS. ALEXANDER SHAW,
50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size 25c.
At all dealers or sent on receipt of
price, by FRUIT-A-LIVES Limited,
OGDENBURG, N. Y.

Lucky, the Boy Scout.
—Blanche Montgomery of Griswold.
—Little Bunkers at Grandpa Ford's.
—Flora Bibeau of Plainfield—The Six Little Bunkers at Uncle Fred's.
The winners of prize books living in the city may call at the business office of The Bulletin for them any hour after 10 a. m. on Thursday.

LETTERS OF ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

Everett Thornton of Jewett City—Received prize book and I am pleased with it. Enjoy it very much.
Louise Jerome of Plainfield—Words cannot express the thanks for that lovely prize book you sent me. I have read it and I liked it very much and hope I may be able to earn another.
Rosa Jane Barstow of Plainfield—I thank you very much for the prize book you sent me entitled Boy Scouts in Italy.
Eleanor Mary Byrne of Norwich—I wish to thank you very much for the prize book that you sent me. I have read it and found it very interesting.

STORIES WRITTEN BY WIDE-AWAKES.

Across the Lot.
One day I had to run after the butcher wagon, because my aunt just phoned that she would come for supper, and coming to the lot I had to go through. I saw a boy and a dog. I was very much afraid of boys and dogs. I did not know what to do. Then I saw the butcher wagon coming on the other road and I crept under the fence and ran across the lot. I ran so fast that I did not see a trench the boys had dug until I tumbled into it. I picked myself up and cried a little, because it was so deep I could not get out. Then I looked up, for I heard a dog barking. I was very much frightened when I also saw the boy looking down.
I told them to go away, but the boy jumped down. I was no longer afraid then, but I told him I was afraid of the dog. He said not to be afraid, because he was the one that called him over to take me out. When I went out the dog licked my hand.
Then I saw that the butcher was gone, but the boy got his bicycle and soon came back with the meat for me. I was very glad and asked him to come over and play with me. He did come over, and we had a good time after all.
—EMMA FROEMEE, Age 12.

A Naughty Chicken.

A little chicken saw a duck in the brook one day. It was the mother duck with her little ones swimming in the water.
The little chicken asked her mother if she might go into the brook to swim.
"Oh, no," said the mother hen. "Your feet were not made for swimming. They were made only for walking."
Then the chicken began to peep and cry when her mother would not let her go in swimming. The little chicken did not believe her mother. She said to herself that she could swim as well as a duck. She knew she could go and not be drowned.
The mother hen was scratching in the ground, the naughty chicken went in to the brook. She did not have time to peep before her head was under the water.
A kind boy playing near, pulled her out.
"Mother hen flew to her. 'Now, my little chicken said she, 'I hope you have learned a lesson. Mothers always know what is best for children.'"
The mother hen, too, that every one cannot always do what he sees his brother doing."
—ANNE BAUER, Age 10.

The First Buttercup.

A pot of gold was hidden at the end of the rainbow. One day a selfish man found it. He poured the gold pieces into a bag and ran to the woods to hide it. He did not know that there was a hole in the bag. The gold pieces fell out and lay shining in the grass.
There a little fairy found them. She did not want the selfish man to find them, she hid them in a hole in the ground. The children, these flowers were yellow and the fairy called them buttercups.
—EDITH LEE, Age 7.

Laura's Adventure.

There was once a little girl named Laura. Laura lived with her parents in France. Her parents were very poor and sometimes did not have enough to eat.
Near Laura's house was an immense woods. Laura had just finished her father's supper and was taking a short cut through the woods when she saw a light in the distance. She went closer and saw an old shack. She peeped in the broken window and saw three men counting stolen money.
She quickly ran and told the men in the village. The robbers were soon taken to jail and Laura was given a large reward, and soon grew rich.
—MARY PETRONI, Age 12.

An American Hero.

In our history book we read of the great number of American patriots. Who has not heard of Washington, Lincoln, Grant and many others? It would be impossible to name them all. Although we have never heard their names, we feel a thrill of admiration and awe; but this is in the past. Let us turn to the present.
There are Pershing, Diaz and many more. Are they not true American patriots? As I turn over the list to my mind cannot help thinking our president, Woodrow Wilson, is a hero. Did he not make a wonderful speech in congress that has been read and praised throughout the world; and it will be put down in history.
Did he not make a splendid reply to Pope Benedict, that also will be remembered. Has he not done his best toward the welfare of America?
I repeat it. President Wilson is the hero of 1919.
—PATRICIA REILLY, Age 13.

Only One Cent.

Uncle Harris was a carpenter and had a shop in the country. One day he went into the barn where Dick and Joe were playing with two tame pigeons.
"Boys," he said, "my workshop ought to be swept every evening. Which of you will undertake it? I am willing to pay a cent for each sweeping."
"Only a cent," said Dick. "We would work for a cent."
"I will," said Joe. "A cent is better than nothing."
So every day when Uncle Harris was done working in the shop, he would take an old broom and sweep it. And he dropped all his pennies in his tin savings bank.
One day Uncle Harris took Dick and Joe to town with him. While he went to buy some lumber they stayed in a toy shop where there were toys of every kind.
"What fine kites!" said Dick. "I wish I could buy one."
"Only ten cents," said the man back of the counter.
"I haven't a cent," said Dick.



Ninth Prize, 1918, by Loris Dugas, of Plainfield.

"I have fifty cents," said Joe, "and I think I will get that bird kite."
"How did you get fifty cents?" asked Dick.
"By sweeping the shop," answered Joe. "I saved my pennies and didn't open my bank until this morning."
Joe bought the bird kite and a fine large knife. While Dick went home without anything, but he had learned not to despise little things, and he was very glad to sweep the shop whenever he would let him, even though he received for his work only a cent.
—LYDIA DUGAS, Age 11.

Ruth's Vacation.

We are having a nice vacation. I go out and pick raspberries and have a shortcake for supper.
I had two brothers. Uncle sent them a pair of Belgian hares and we think they are pretty.
We had a little Banty that has got seven little chickens.
—RUTH E. PHILLIPS, Age 9.

Disobedience.

One day Ruth asked her mother if she could go out to play.
Her mother said "Yes, but not to go away."
Ruth took her cat and went to Mr. MacGregor's field where the goat was. When she got there, she hitched the goat to the cart. The goat began to run. It tipped over the cart and Ruth fell out.
Ruth's father came along at that minute and picked her up, unharmed. She said she would never disobey again.
—ESTHER MAE EVANS, Age 9.

Capturing a Submarine.

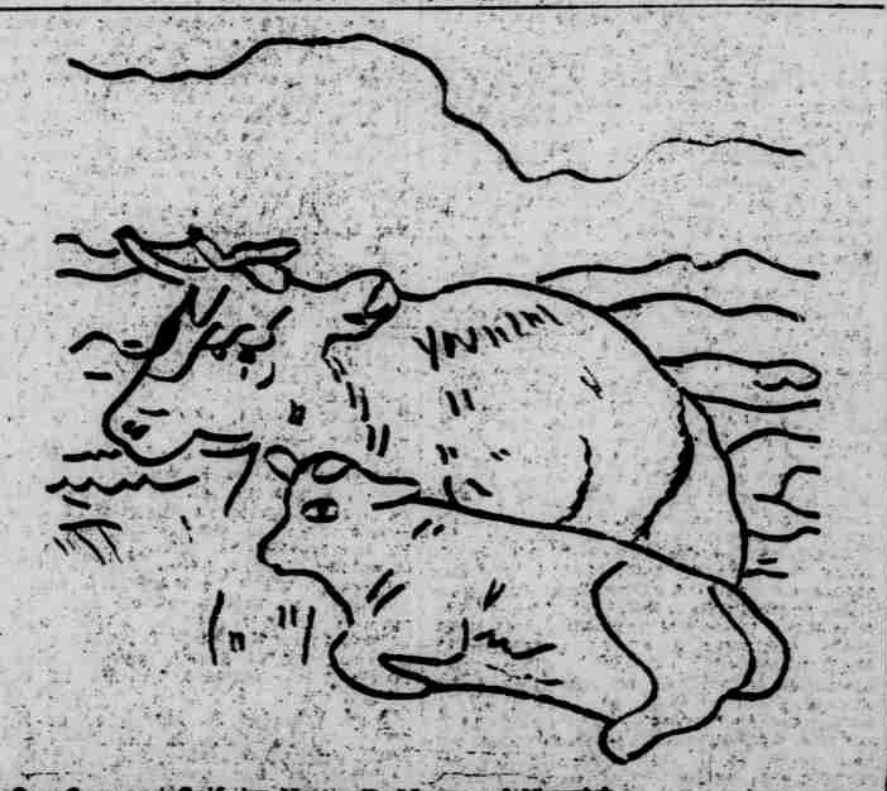
A comical story was told over the submarine defenses at Winkleville had spent the morning studying the mine sweeper's crew in their duties.
"Now I want you to ask any questions," said the instructor.
"You want a submarine like this. Do you want to ask any questions?"
"Please, sir," said one.
"I shall do it for you," said the instructor.
The instructor gazed at the man with sparkling eyes and said "Yes."
"Do!" roared the instructor. "Then he found his voice. 'Do, mad, sir. Why follow it home and take its name and address!'"
—HAROLD MELLI, Age 12.

Uncle George in No Man's Land.

"When I was in the trenches," said Uncle George to Bob and Alice. "I heard many sounds which frightened me at first."
"One day I was appointed to go over No Man's Land," he told the soldiers and I started to go. We were dressed in German clothes and were to be spies.
"After a few days at the German trenches I had many papers, so my friends and I decided to change our clothes and go back. As we were nearing the trenches a bullet killed one of my friends."
"We gave our papers to the officers and were praised for our bravery."
"Do!" roared the instructor. "Then he found his voice. 'Do, mad, sir. Why follow it home and take its name and address!'"
—IDA LIPSCHITZ, Age 11.

The Treasure Locket.

Marion was a poor, little motherless child whose only treasure was a locket, bearing her mother's picture.
One day as she was walking along a pond her locket fell in the pond. Going home she discovered her loss, then retracing her steps nothing was to be found. Stunned with grief she returned home.
Little Johnny, Marion's brother, asked to go fishing the next day.
"We are going to this pond," said Marion, "and I am going to clean them for dinner. Cleaning the biggest fish first, to her utter sur-"
—



Our Cow and Calf, by Nettie E. Munn, of Norwich.

FISH SPECIALS THURSDAY AND FRIDAY

FRESH EASTERN HALIBUT, lb. 40c	FRESH EASTERN SALMON, lb. 40c
BOSTON BLUE CUTLETS, lb. 18c	FRESH COD STEAK, lb. 22c
Fresh Black Island MACKEREL, lb. 25c	Fresh FLOUNDERS EELS, lb. 18c
Fresh Round BUTTERFISH, lb. 25c	Fresh, Large Jumbo BUTTERFISH, lb. 25c
ROUND CLAMS In Shell Qt. 15c	ROUND CLAMS Opened Pt. 23c

THE MOHICAN COMPANY

opened the door.
Who was there but the little girl who gave him a penny the day before?
"I am Kitty Loveville," she said, "and ask you please to let me enter, for I have something to give to you and your mother."
"You are welcome," said the woman shyly. "So Patty entered. She set down the basket she carried on her arm and a long conversation followed. She remembered when the day before I gave you some money."
"Yes," replied the woman, "and I am very thankful to you."
"You needn't thank me for that," replied Patty, unpacking the basket and taking out some sandwiches and four bottles of milk.
"Here is some food for your children, and you, dear woman, and a great surprise will overtake you in a second. Divide the food among you. This they all greedily did while Patty was outside and soon returned with a fair looking, broad shouldered man in a soldier's suit.
"Do you remember him?" asked Patty, smiling. "They all stood there agape."
"It's papa!" cried the children. "Bill!" cried the woman, the tears rolling down her cheeks. They embraced each other and the children hugged and caressed their dear father. A long conversation followed when at last Bill Kingston said:
"My dear girl Patty, you have saved my family from starvation, so here is a small medal," and pulling out a little medal he pinned it to her dress, and from that time on the family suffered no more, and Patty Loveville was their best friend ever afterward.
—LOUISE LEBER, Age 12.

Kansas Wheat Crop Less.

A decrease of more than 75,000,000 bushels in the Kansas wheat crop is shown in the July crop report of the Kansas state board of agriculture. The June report indicated a yield of 250,735,000 bushels as against a total estimated production, based on thresh-

What Carranza Needs.

Carranza looks like a man who had beaten the heat out of about 1,300 shaves. What he should have now is a mighty close one.—Los Angeles Times.

Marriages to the number of 19,000.

took place in Hungary last spring, about four times the number for the same period last year.

LEGAL NOTICES.

NOTICE
The Registrars of Voters of the Town of Ledyard will be in session at the Town Clerk's Office in said Town Friday, Aug. 8, 1919, from 12 o'clock m. to 9 o'clock p. m., for the purpose of making an enrollment of the legal voters of said Town, and for making such changes in the enrollment list as they may deem proper, in accordance with the provisions of Chapter 37 of the General Statutes.
B. T. AVERY,
G. A. MONTGOMERY,
Registrars of Voters.
Dated at Ledyard, July 30, 1919.

TO THE BOARD OF COUNTY COMMISSIONERS.

Commissioner for New London County: I hereby apply for a transfer of license from Joseph E. H. Leavitt to Joseph A. Dragon, a sell and exchange spirituous and intoxicating liquors, ale, beer, wine and other beverages in the building at Hunter's avenue, Town of Norwich, except in the rooms and apartments said building, any part or parts of which are cut off or partitioned in such manner as to form a separate, side room, or rooms. My place of business is not located within two hundred feet in a direct line from any church edifice or public or parochial school, or the premises of a public library, or cemetery. Dated at Norwich, this 28th day of July, A. D. 1919.
We, the undersigned, are electors and taxpayers, residing in the Town of Norwich, and hereby sign and endorse the foregoing application of Joseph A. Dragon for a license, and hereby certify that said applicant is a suitable person to be licensed pursuant to said application.
Dated at Norwich, this 28th day of July, A. D. 1919.
C. Marian, Adolphus Benoit, Peter Benoit, Francis Benoit, Amos Deslandes. I hereby certify that the above named signers and endorsers are electors and taxpayers, residing in the Town of Norwich, and hereby sign and endorse the foregoing application of Joseph A. Dragon for a license, and hereby certify that said applicant is a suitable person to be licensed pursuant to said application.
Dated at Norwich, this 28th day of July, A. D. 1919.
YRIL WRIGHT, Age 11.

The Boy Jeanne.

Jean Pierre, a little French boy, who had been in the army, was fighting for France, and his mother lived alone in a little farmhouse, which had a nice garden around it. It was a nice garden with all the flowers in bloom, and Jeanne and his mother had to live for their lives.
When the hated enemy had been driven out of Jean and his mother's town, they were saved, and Jean and his mother had a different place than when they had to leave it. They started back to do what they could to restore it.
They lived peacefully there for a few months when the news came that the police were losing the ground they had gained, and that the Germans were again advancing toward Paris.
What unhappy news for Jean and his mother! But happy news came to replace it. The American Sammes had come to pay their debt to France.
One cold, rainy, dark night, when Jean and his mother were sitting in their kitchen, there came a sharp rap on the door. Mrs. Pierre jumped up and opened it. In walked a tall, broad man in khaki, who wore the insignia of a colonel. "Madame," said the man, addressing Mrs. Pierre in French, "is there not a man here who can tell us the way to the front? We have lost our way in the darkness."
"My husband," she replied, "was killed fighting for France and there is no man here. I wish I could do something for the Sammes."
"Thank you," said the man, and started for the door, when Jean, his face flushed, ran up to him and cried: "I know every step of the way to V. Let me guide your men there."
The officer looked doubtful, but finally took Jean with him. Jean guided the soldiers safely to their French allies, and returned home, his heart beating with gladness. Glad that the officer had stopped at his door, and that he had helped serve France.
"Vive La France," he shouted, waving his cap in the air. "Vive La France!"
—ELEANOR MONTGOMERY, Age 12.

Patty's Kindness.

There once lived in a crowded city a woman with ten children. It was believed that her husband, who was a soldier, had been shot in the war, and now she was a widow with all her children.
This poor woman had very little money to supply her large family, and each looked as thin as could be, and the mother no better.
One day she brought a loaf of bread with the last bit of money she had. When she came home her children put up their hands and begged for it. She sliced it, and it was just enough for them, but the half starved mother, had only the crumbs to eat. None of her children were old enough to work, the oldest being 10 years of age.
One day a rather rich girl passed by and saw them sitting on the doorstep begging for alms. She tossed a penny to each, and a little more to the mother. With the money the mother bought more food.
Day by day passed and the children were around their mother, asking for more food, when there was a gentle knock at the door. The mother, thinking it was the owner of the poorhouse, shrunk back and dared not go to the door. Again the knock sounded, and this time the little mother

The Brave Boy.

There was once a boy who longed to go to war. His father would not let him go because he was too small.

You'll like 50-50 Everybody D-O-E-S



ASK YOUR DEALER

WELDING

OUR WELDING

WILL REPAIR IT

BRAZING

BROKE OR BENT

it can be repaired.

Cracked cylinders, crank cases, housings and castings successfully welded.

Scored Cylinders

repaired by our new process.

Saves power and guarantees a clean motor. You can use the same pistons and rings.

NORWICH WELDING CO.

Formerly Branch of Cave Welding Co.

31 Chestnut Street, Phone 214 Norwich

"THAT REMINDS ME"

PHONE 1311 JEWETT BUSINESS SCHOOL, THE MULTIGRAPH SHOP

for facsimile typewritten letters. Folding letters, addressing, sealing, stamping, envelopes, and mailing at a nominal charge. Filling in on letters, a specialty.

Public Stenographers—Office Supplies

We simplify work in your office, give you SATISFACTORY SERVICE, AND DELIVERY ON TIME.

Business Houses furnished with efficient office help free of charge. Type-writers to Rent.

Business Office, Room 308

Thayer Building, Norwich, Conn.

THE HOUSEHOLD

SEASONABLE GOODS FOR HOME GARDEN

Two and three burner Oil Stoves, wick or wickless.

Ovens—one or two burner.

Toledo Steam Cookers.

Asbestos and Pyramid Toasters.

Full line of Pure Aluminum Ware.

Pyrex Oven Glass Ware.

O-Cedar Dusting and Polishing Mops and Polish.

Electric Flat-Irons, \$4.00.

Paints and Varnishes for all purposes.

Rakes, Hoes and three and five prong Cultivators.

Italian Grape Hoes.

Planet Jr. Wheeled Hoes, Cultivators, Plows and Seeders.

Sprayers—hand and knapsack.

Pyrox.

Arsenate of Lead and Bordeaux Mixture.

Black Leaf 40.

Galvanized Watering Cans.

Garden Hose.

The Household

Bulletin Building 74 Franklin Street

Telephone 531-4